

# 50 Cent, You Ain't No Gangsta

[50 Cent]

Look If you ain't worth a mil, you ain't far from broke  
Got enough heart to sell weed but you scared of dope  
I wouldn't snitch on my peoples if the feds grabbed me  
Yo ass would hit more notes than Ron Isley  
I wouldn't rhyme about Rolleys if I had no watch  
Wouldn't write about crack if I ain't had no spot  
You talk six coupe shit you only pushing a trey  
Got bitches shutting you down in the C.L.K  
For cats like you, crime don't pay  
You just linger in the hood, them niggaz blow you away  
You the type to get paper when I'm locked up, get yo jewels rocked up  
Then have to tuck em in when I pop up  
Niggaz in the hood sayin "50's Grimy"  
Cause they hit me wit Kosami and now they can't find me  
If you see it how I see it, my watch is yo whip  
And I can cop another one afta each assist

[Chorus x2]

You ain't no gangsta  
You're a busta, a customer, a sucker  
You fake fraudulent motherfucker  
You ain't a gangsta  
I should cut ya, cock back and bust ya or stomp you out cause  
We don't trust ya

[50 Cent]

You owe a nigga? You don't wanna pay him?  
Kill him, that's what they said ta ta disapper him  
Y'all ain't got to believe me  
When I'm done with this rhyme if theres time I'll hit a flick  
Wit Mariella this connect bitch, Peruvian chick  
She ain't hot but eevrytime I fuck the coke right drops  
When it's time to get it on (what)  
I pull over the thong (uh huh)  
Fuck till I nut then get up, I'm gone (yeah)  
Usualy hit it watchin tele way out in L.A.  
I like it when she say "Papi I feel it in my Belly"  
Call up all my niggaz in New York on the celly  
First thing I'm sayin is "Nigga what da deally"  
Pack a trey pound up under my Pelle Pelle  
Y'all niggaz want war, clap clap, Oh really?  
I watch niggaz slang packs in front of the deli  
Got 20 inch chrome sittin on my perili  
Lorenzo on the Benzo nigga you feel me?

[Chorus x2]

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[50 Cent]

Fix the cell, blast the room devil spray, turnin proof  
Hoe whip, bulet proof, yopu ain't fuckin wit me, duke  
Bricks from Filipe, 19 five, what we pay  
Cop on a week mad hard to catch him on the weekday  
Niggaz backed up, slugs to the gut, that'll bet him up  
Gettin fed thru his arm in a hospital wil slim him up  
Get it thru yo head, 50 Cent don't care  
I cock triggers light the blockup, iller than times square  
Real shit, you spit it cause you seen it

I spit it cause I did it and I mean it  
Man, I don't like none of y'all  
Fuck around I'll run in y'all pop one in y'all  
Had the whole hood talkin bout what I done to y'all  
Listen I don't give a fuck if you blood or cuz  
I got love for thugs niggaz firing slugs  
Stage rapping ass niggaz ain't sold no drugs  
Gotta show me some love cause my sins are bluffed

[Chorus x2]

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